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AN ESSAY ON Modern Education.

Wherein is contained,

I. The Method of getting Knowledge.

II. The great Advantages of modern Converſation. Hiſtory of Cynthio.

III. The great Inſight of the Antients into human Nature, together with that of the Moderns. Examples, Lord Lofty, Fucicis, *&c.* and the happy Circumſtances of the Nation ariſing therefrom.

IV. The Cauſes of Miſmanagement of Youth, the Vanity of Parents, Vices of Servants, ill Choice of Maſters, *&c.*

The proper Study of Mankind is Man. Pope.

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Advertiſement.

THIS Treatiſe itſelf ſufficiently diſcovers when it was begun, by the Reference it makes to thoſe unhappy Times, when this Nation was in ſo great a Confuſion. I muſt confeſs, it met with ſo bad a Reception from the Author himſelf, that it was thrown aſide, till, by Accident, it fell into the Hands of ſome Friends, who liking the Characters, adviſed me to proceed. I was

urged by many Motives; the Entertainment, and perhaps ſome Improvement of the Town, not the leaſt. I finiſhed, and, as imperfect as it is, if it affords Hints to a more able Pen, to handle ſo uſeful and neceſſary a Subject, I ſhall be well ſatisfied.

AN

ESSAY

ON

Modern Education.

BEING now advanced to an Age, when all Men ought ſeriouſly to apply their Thoughts to another World; and having had an Education, which would have entitled any Man, who did not make a wrong Uſe of it, to almoſt any Office in a civil Government; yet having not received any the leaſt Employment, or obtained any Benefit therefrom, I began to turn my Mind towards Education in general, but more particularly that which commonly receives the Denomination of a genteel one: And though, I muſt confeſs, I ſit down in ſo ſplenetick a Humour, that I cannot promiſe any Thing regu-

lar;

lar; yet, as I am ſenſible of my Foible, I here promiſe to guard againſt it with the greateſt Circumſpection.

All muſt confeſs ſuch Tracts, I mean on Education, to be of the greateſt and moſt univerſal Good to Mankind; as this not only inſtructs, and is of the greateſt Benefit to thoſe that uſe it themſelves, but likewiſe puts it in their Power to lay a Foundation for the Amendment of Poſterity. All other Sciences may, indeed, enrich the preſent Poſſeſſors; yet this alone is with Advantage tranſmitted to their Heirs. When one reflects, that the greateſt Virtue, together with the greateſt natural Parts, employed in the Advancement of one's private Fortune, without any Regard to the Inſtruction of our Children, will not only be of no Benefit to them, but prove rather a Snare; as the Son will not only think himſelf excuſed from improving his Talent, but will rely on the Merit of the Anceſtor, to excuſe the Foibles of the Succeſſor; a Man would, one ſhould think, endeavour ſomething more towards the Inſtruction of the Heir, though at the Expence of the Fortune. And as the ill Effects of one brought up without any Education, I mean from his Parents or Guardians, do not always prove the worſt, whilſt thoſe brought up with the greateſt Care and Expence frequently prove the moſt untractable, I ſhall endeavour to lay open, as well as my Abilities, and the Nature of the Caſe will admit,

mit, the Bias which ſeems thus to draw ſo much to the Diſadvantage of Education.

It has been an unfortunate Notion of many, who have received Inſtruction from Books alone, that no real Knowledge is to be obtained, but what is got by a continual Reading; which being embraced by ſome, who could never digeſt the Inſtructions they met with, their Studies have been finiſhed with an equal Share of Knowledge with which they were begun: And this has given Room to the airy Gentleman to aſſert, that there is no Knowledge to be obtained, but what proceeds from Converſation, and ſeeing the World; a Means, I muſt confeſs, of getting Underſtanding, more agreeable, and even more profitable by far than Books, provided a Man could, with equal Eaſe, blend himſelf into the Society of living Companions, as inſtructive and learned as thoſe in his Study: But, alas! they are ſo ſcarce, that one ſhall not find one to give us a Notion, how great would be the Felicity of more: So that the Gentlemen embracing that Opinion, vainly call the Ribaldry of a Debauch, Converſation, and the Ways of the Town, ſeeing the World. Within this are their Notions of Wiſdom confined; and he is the moſt happy, that can blend himſelf, with greateſt Eaſe and Sprightlineſs, in the Topicks and Converſation of the Seaſon; and he whoſe Courſe of Life is moſt conformable to theſe Notions, is the moſt prudent.

Such

Such was the Fate of the unhappy *Cynthio*, who loved, and was beloved again by the beauteous *Cælia*, adorned with all the Graces that attend the Sex, and who of all was the fitteſt to render the moſt miſerable Life the moſt happy: Yet, alas! all theſe noble Qualities were foiled by her too great Love for *Cynthio*; who perceiving he could prevail with her on eaſier Terms, as he called them, than the moſt happy, with Eagerneſs purſued his Deſign; and though her Heart was far from being ſullied with any the leaſt evil Thought, yet ſuch was his Vigilance, ſuch her Love and Eſteem of him, and ſo great was the Force of Opportunity, that ſhe at length yielded to his importunate Deſires: And as the chief Felicity of that State of Life, conſiſts in being the moſt unlike that purer one of Matrimony, they enjoyed ſeparate Habitations, different Servants, and payed double for all the Enjoyments of Life. Thus did they revel till both their Stocks were ſpent, when *Cynthio* began to ſeek freſh Amours with thoſe he deſpiſed before, the Equals, indeed, to *Cælia*'s former Fortune, but much inferior to her preſent Beauty. But ſuch is the Unhappineſs of one wrong Step! They who before would have thought themſelves bleſſed, even with the Lot *Cælia* had, now with Diſdain refuſed his purer Embraces. But, at length, not able to obtain a better Partner for Life, he was obliged to take, with the ſad Companions of Poverty

and

and an ill Name, her whom he had refuſed with an unblemiſhed Character and comfortable Fortune.

Such are the ill Conſequences of a corrupted Education! *Cynthio* had Virtue, indeed, but he had heard Matrimony ſo often laughed out of Doors, and ſeen the Keeper make ſo pretty an Appearance, that he thought it was entirely blameleſs, or, at leaſt, not ſo great a Crime as he had imagined. Shall I aſcribe this wrong Courſe of Life to a falſe Management of his Youth? It is really ſo, though, perhaps, not ſo apparent, ſince the Sticklers for modern Education may urge the Force of his Paſſions, and his own bad Intentions: But *Cynthio* had Virtue, and had his Friends conſidered, with what Force Example prevailed on him, he might have perceived thoſe Joys in Matrimony, which he in vain hoped for from a Miſtreſs.

With what Amazement do we read of the greateſt Generals being called from the Plough! How do we admire the Foreſight of him, who could find out a Succeſſor to the moſt important Poſts of the Kingdom in a Stripling! Yet ſuch was their Knowledge of Man, that every Action pointed out to them, the General, the Orator, or Citizen. And to this Foreſight alone is it, that all their future Grandeur is to be aſcribed. But when one ſhall look round on our preſent Youth, who can help lamenting their Country in general, and their ownſelves in particular?

There is Lord *Lofty*, bleſſed, indeed, with a large Fortune, and a Perſon not to be deſpiſed, with weak Paſſions, and yet weaker Parts. How much Good might he do his Country by living in a Retirement, for which ſo many of the Antients are ſo juſtly commended! His chearful Table would relieve the helpleſs Neceſſity of his indigent Neighbours, and his recluſe Life be, indeed, ſomewhat leſs famous, but much more Praiſe-worthy than all thoſe glorious Victories of the mighty Hero. Yet, though he labours under an unhappy Impediment in his Speech, and a peculiar Faculty of looking ſilly, and raiſing the Laughter of all, he is ſet off for the Orator. His Friends, indeed, all lament him; but his Relations hope, that Time will wear off what Nature hath ſo deeply implanted in him.

Not leſs unhappy is the Condition of his Neighbour *Fucicis*, who, though endowed with the ſtrongeſt Paſſions, an ample Ambition, and a Sufficiency of Pride, is bred up, and deſigned for the Country Squire. How unhappy the Condition of his Village! What Contention and Strife with his Neighbours! What Enmity will every Election produce! For although he will take Care to promote the moſt Worthy, yet ſhould any one, through Friendſhip, or any other Cauſe, vote one leſs deſerving, his zealous Love for his Country would make him eſteem that Man no leſs an Enemy

to

to his private Fortune, than he was to his publick Intereſt.

They are ſuch Spirits as theſe, for the moſt Part, though ſometimes the worſt of Intentions are coloured over with them, that breed ſuch Party Zeal all through the Kingdom, ſo very pernicious to the publick Peace, and private Friendſhip; and which lay us open to the Inroads and Snares of all our Enemies. What Confuſion then may we not fear from this Retirement of *Fucicis!* How direful will be all the Country within the Verge of his Intereſt! Let not his Friends expect, that thoſe Tides of Paſſions may be allayed by the moſt private Retreat; no, every the leaſt Stir will excite them. What Happineſs, on the other Hand, might we not expect from his Counſel! Should not we ſee the *Britiſh* Sails ſpread over the whole World! And from his Wiſdom, might we not expect our Youth to ranſack the *American* Shores for our Eaſe and Plenty, whilſt *France* ſhould be left alone to ſmother in thoſe Clouds of Duſt, which ſhe herſelf has raiſed?

His Companion, *Naſus*, whom all the World calls his Friend, ſince one Bed contains them both, one Table boards them, is quite of a different Turn, and only is thus free and intimate, as he eſteems him his Foil. *Fucicis* can laugh and ſport the whole Morning in Trifling: *Naſus* will ſit compoſed in his Elbow-Chair, and with a happy Doze conclude his Morning Studies. The firſt is thoroughly ſenſible of

the leaſt Affront, and can nicely diſtinguiſh what affects his Honour. But *Naſus*, wrapt up with a Belief of his own Sufficiency, is regardleſs, and deſpiſes whatever others can ſay. *Fucicis*, though in all other Reſpects very regardful of whatever affects him, eſteems whatever proceeds from his Friend, either as the mere Effects of good Nature, or elſe innocent Mirth: Whilſt *Naſus* receives as the greateſt Affront, whatever ſo unthinking a Perſon as *Fucicis* can urge; but indulges himſelf in all the ſevereſt Reflections that Conceit can prompt. Yet one, as I ſaid, is deſigned for Retirement, and the other flatters himſelf with all the Honours of the State. How innocent, and how happy would his Time be ſpent, would he indulge thoſe Reflections in private, and leave off all Thoughts of putting them in Practice! Oh! that he would retire to the Borders of *Wales*, and deſpiſe the World, as much as he does the Inhabitants! But Lucre detains him, thoſe vaſt Heaps of Riches and Honours, ſo plentifully piled up in his imaginary Brain. Yet, if he would take the Advice of his real Friends, his Fortune will much faſter increaſe, by Retirement, than all his Endeavours in the Senate.

Who can help reflecting, at the Rehearſal of theſe Characters, on the Meekneſs of good Senſe towards Friends and Acquaintance, with a juſt Reſentment for the Wrongs effected by a Stranger; whilſt the Boaſter exults over, and impoſes on his Friends, but lies expoſed to all

who are willing to attack him? How cautious, then, ought all to be, with whom they join in thoſe ſtrict Bonds of Friendſhip!

The friendly Compliments of *Gager*, attended with a cringing Bow, and inſinuating Smile, link you faſt to him. Yet, when you have opened your Breaſt, he culls what may be of Advantage to him, and then laughs at, and expoſes you to the whole World. Nevertheleſs, he is deſigned to defend your Property, and the Law is his Profeſſion. Such are the Hopes of the ſucceeding Generation! And though he would anſwer the Ends of a Gentleman Uſher, by a Baby's Face, a flattering Tongue, and a deceitful Heart, yet he is brought up to expound the Laws, and proclaim each Man's Property.

If *Gager* can be thought by any Means to be adapted for the Laws; how averſe muſt *Bounty* be, who delights in the Simplicity of the Country, and joys to be eſteemed an Improver on thoſe antient Laws of Hoſpitality; freely offering his Purſe to the Relief of his Friend, and eſteeming that Time beſt ſpent, which is conſumed in the Reconciling of Differences! Yet, though he enjoys a handſome Fortune, is bleſſed with that Happineſs of Temper, and has not the leaſt Ambition for the Honour of a publick Life, he is puſhed forwards to the Bar, for no other Reaſon, than, becauſe his Great Grandfather had made a conſiderable Figure there.

To theſe, without any Regard to real Merit, are our Affairs to be truſted; ſince the only Accompliſhments now required are a Court Friend, or the Intereſt of a Parliament-Man. Indeed, a handſome Daughter, or a beauteous Ward, may have the ſame Force now, as a rich Suit, or a genteel Mien, in thoſe unhappy Days of our *S— K—*: Yet with ſo much worſe an Event, as the Views of our Enemies are much greater, and the Force of their Arms more powerful. Then, indeed, we were clawed by the *Dutch*, made the Inſtrument of *France*, were laughed at by *Rome*, and became the Jeſt of *Germany*. But what have not we to fear now? *France* is at its higheſt Pitch of Glory, *Rome* is even powerful in *England*, and a Pretender, the Imp of *Rome*, a Vice-Roy of *France*, in Poſſeſſion of Part of this Iſle. Such are the unhappy Circumſtances attending this Kingdom! And ſuch are the Means, by which we are to be relieved! What conſiderate Man does not ſee, that, without the eſpecial Aſſiſtance of Divine Providence, that direful Prophecy, of Antichriſtianity prevailing thorough the whole World, will now be accompliſhed? The antient *Britons* rendered themſelves long invincible, even againſt the profound Policy, and great Valour of the *Roman* Soldiers, by the mere Dint of their Bravery: But, being long ſince conſident of its great Decay, by the Luxury of our Forefathers, we built our Safety on our Ships and Policy. But our all-powerful

Enemies

Enemies having deceived the one, and we entirely loſt the other, what then have we to fly to, but the Protection of Providence? Which, by reflecting on our manifold paſt Wickednesſes, we ſhall find little Cauſe to hope for, unleſs a ſincere Repentance, and a ſpeedy Amendment, ſhall avert the impending Judgment.

But to return. How unhappy muſt the State of the Kingdom be, when committed to ſuch a Council, in the Midſt of the greateſt Troubles! Whilſt our Affairs were under the Adminiſtration of *O*——, we had Cauſe, and did complain moſt heartily; ſince, though he found out the moſt proper Means to govern, yet he ever turned all Things to his private Advantage. We were uneaſy and diſturbed at Home, yet we were feared Abroad; *France* rejoiced to be at Peace, and *Spain* was contented to be on the Defenſive. No ſooner had his Succeſſor taken the Reins, than *France* lifted up its Head, and *Spain* became troubleſome: Yet, *G*—— had Skill. But ſuch are the ill Effects of Change, that, for the moſt Part, the new Man entirely overthrows, what his Predeceſſor had, with the greateſt Expence and Trouble, eſtabliſhed. Then comes Confuſion, which, without the greateſt Sagacity, terminates in Deſtruction.

What are we to hope, then, from the next Generation, when almoſt all our Youth are ſtriving for thoſe Things, they were never deſigned

ſigned for? The Slow and Slothful turn Statesmen, the Quick and Sprightly conſume all their Vigour in the Chace, the Effeminate take the Sword, whilſt Divinity is preached by Sharpers, and Impudence rules the Bar. The ill Qualities of Youth are to be ſcourged and beat out of them, whilſt the Cauſes, thoſe bad Examples, ſo frequently preſented to them, even by their Parents, are ſtill practiſed. The Lad of Spirit is flogged into the drooping Drone, for retaining thoſe Impreſſions, which were ſtamped into his tender Nature, from the Examples of Nurſes: Whilſt the ſenſleſs Babe is cried up for the tractable Child. It is then, they receive Impreſſions, the whole After-Courſe of Life is not able to ſhake off.

With what Amazement do all look at the ſtrange Propenſity of *Nobilis*, to the low Employment of a *Stage-Coachman!* How many have inſinuated his Mother's Fondneſs to her *Groom!* But he was brought up by a Tenant, and there imbibed thoſe Inclinations; the Ornament, indeed, of a ruſtick Employment, but the Scandal of his higher Life.

The Cauſes are, the ſenſleſs Vanity of Parents, to imagine that their Offspring muſt be qualified and fit for any Employment he pleaſes to chuſe, whilſt they deliver him over to the Care of thoſe Seminaries of Vice, the Servants; and not a leſs Cauſe, is the ill Choice of Maſters, who, for the moſt Part, indeed, are zealous Votaries for Virtue, but without any Regard

gard to the Youth's former Way of Life, immediately laſhed him into the right Path; and, laſtly, that little Regard had to, and ſlender Education we give, the better Half of our own Species, the Fair Sex; imagining the whole Source of their Knowledge ſhould be terminated with the Neceſſaries of the Houſe.

How ready are Parents to flatter themſelves, that the Birth of a Son is the introducing a Lord Chancellor, or an Archbiſhop into their Families, juſt as they have laid out his future Life! And ſhould they allot him the Law, how apt are they immediatly to enter him the *Inns of Court!* Then what Stripes, what Contentions follow, ſhould his Inclinations lead him a different Way, even, though they themſelves have been the Cauſe of them!

I remember very well, that, though I was of a very weak Conſtitution, and was remarkable all through the Courſe of my Youth, for the greateſt Coward, and would ſooner ſtroak the Face of a Bull, than truſt myſelf in a Boat out of my Depth; yet, when my Parents, who were the beſt, and very little tainted with that arbitrary Cuſtom of making their Children what Nature had forbid them, ſounded me, as to what Courſe of Life I would follow, they were ſurpriſed to hear, a Voyage to the *Eaſt-Indies.* Nor could the Intreaties of my Father, nor the Tears of my Mother put me off it: And, though he propoſed ſome ſhorter Voyages, and told me he had Intereſt to get me

a Commiſſion in his Majeſty's Fleet, whereas I muſt go in the other as a Cabin-Boy, yet, nothing would prevail; go I muſt, and to the *Eaſt-Indies:* When at laſt, to my no ſmall Joy, he was prevailed on, by the Reflection of a good Wiſeacre of an Uncle, that ſince my Inclinations were ſo ſtrong to go, who knew, but that I was deſtined for the Sea, and ſhould return a ſecond *Raleigh?* So, I obtained Leave. But, at the Sight of the Sea, and as I was mounting the Ship, I could not but betray my antient Fear; yet perſiſted in going. But no ſooner had we began to ſail, than growing ſick, I would freely have parted with all my Hopes of Gain, and have been contented to have changed Parents with the pooreſt Beggar, to have got once more ſafe to Shore. However, after two or three Days Sail, I, to my no ſmall Joy, got rid of my Sickneſs. Then came the expected Time for all my Pleaſure, when the Captain perceiving me recovered, ſet me about the Buſineſs of my Place. But ſuch was the Fatigue! Such was my Expectation of Pleaſures, and to ſee thoſe Sports, and Joys, I had obſerved to ſo high a Degree poſſeſſed by the Sailors on Shore, in the Place of all thoſe Hardſhips and Fatigues; that, had not my Father deceived me, I ſhould have broke my Heart with Grief, before ever I could have doubled the *Cape.* But this Ship went only to *Liſbon*, and was deſigned to try my Reſolution. How happy did I think my-

ſelf at my Return! I immediately gave myſelf up to my Father's Directions, and returned to School, to wait with Patience the Time for my going to the Univerſity.

I have ſince reflected, what could put ſo ſtrange a Notion into the Head of one, always ſo fearful of the Waters: And, after much Reflection, found out the Cauſe. I had a Siſter, much elder than myſelf, to whom my Mother gave the Care of me, and who was ſo fond of the Office, of having a Boy of her own, as ſhe called me, that it very much heightened her natural Love, ſo that ſhe would ſcarce ever ſuffer me out of her Sight. An *Eaſt-India* Captain, her Gallant, ſeeing what a Love ſhe had for me, thought it would be no ſmall Advancement, to get me on his Side; ſo that he paid me almoſt equal Court, and never gave my Siſter a Set of China, but I was certain of a Gold-Fiſh, or ſome other engaging Preſent: And finding he never had ſo good a Reception, as when he made his Addreſſes with me on his Knee, he often uſed to entertain my Siſter, by diverting me with the Account of what Perils he had gone through, to get that China for her; with many ſtrange Relations of the Country, which always took up my Thoughts for the remaining Part of the Day, and ever was the Subject of my Dreams by Night.

They are ſuch Accidents as theſe, that ſet young People agog after this or that Courſe of Life; and this is by no Means to be diſcouraged,

ſince it is one of the ſtrongeſt Excitements to Virtue, and they always chuſe that, from which they perceive any one to make the beſt Appearance. But it is the Part of Parents to offer thoſe Objects to their Childrens View, which they think moſt Praiſe-worthy, and ſo to frame their Minds, that they may have a Reliſh for nothing but what is really ſo. Inſtead of that, how is our Youth, after the good, but unreliſhing Advice of their Preceptor, let looſe to play, and ſpend the whole Evening with the Servants at the Hall Fire; where they ſhall imbibe a Reliſh for ſuch low Entertainments, that Advice and Inſtruction ſhall not be able to wipe off in a Month! It is not, that I would have Youth mewed up continually, and never let looſe to their Paſſions: But I would have their Company, and even Diverſions, ſo culled, that they inſenſibly ſhould tend to amend them.

I have not admired, how the Play of *Hot-cockles* came to be invented; for what cannot the Malice of Youth find out? But have wondered, how it could find Admittance amongſt the beſt regulated Seminaries; ſince, certainly, it was firſt contrived by ſome arch Wag, to be revenged on his Play-Fellow, without the Cenſure of his Maſter. How have I obſerved the malicious Youth turn pale, and tremble at his Enemy's puting his Hand up, and with all the Force that Paſſion could add, ſtrike; then compoſed, with all the Unconcern of an indifferent Perſon, but at his making a wrong Choice,

break out into all the moſt inſulting Laughter; then again, make Motions to another, to ſtrike with the ſame Vengeance, and immediately cover himſelf with all the Confuſion of a guilty Perſon, and upon his being named, laugh out, and ſo work on his Companions, till he makes him the Butt of the whole Company! Whilſt the generous Youth juſt pats, and by turning round, and uſing open Arts to conceal himſelf, plainly diſcovers who is the Perſon. Hence it is, in Part, Man learns more perfectly how in Life to injure his Neighbour, and lay the Blame on the Innocent.

The great Fountain, from whence this Corruption proceeds, will, certainly, be found to be in our Servants: For ſince it is abſolutely neceſſary, that our Children muſt be oftner left to them, than we can poſſibly have them in our own Sight, or the Sight of their Tutor; as Vice brings with it an immediate Pleaſure, and, conſequently, leaves a deeper Impreſſion, what they have once received from them, is ſcarce ever blotted out of their Memories. To avoid which ill Effects, I know but two Means; the one, indeed, practiſed with the greateſt Succeſs by the Ancients, but entirely unworthy a Chriſtian Nation; the other of no leſs Force, and of the greateſt good Effect to our Religion and Morals. With what Diligence did the *Spartans* inſtruct their Youth, that they were, I had almoſt ſaid, of a different Species from their Slaves! How were they taught

taught to loath and deſpiſe, and to get a Hatred for all Vice, becauſe it was practiſed by them! But as we are taught to eſteem the Meaneſt of all Mortals the Handywork of the ſame Omnipotent Being, and whoſe Soul is as precious as that of the Greateſt, we are barred of this Method of expoſing Vice in its own Light; yet a more noble, and one by far more advantageous offers itſelf in its Room, by inſtructing and taking Care, that even the Examples of our Servants may be ſo many Pictures of Virtue.

But theſe are not the only Rocks on which Youth ſplit, ſince even our Schools afford us the worſt of Examples, and our Manners are corrupted by the brutiſh Converſation even of our Preceptors; and *Villain* or *Raſcal* ſhall be the beſt of Epithets, whilſt our Spirits are broke by the Severity of the Laſh, and our Morals tainted by our own free Converſations. Into how many Errors are Maſters led by a too mean Opinion of their Pupils Sagacity, and the vain Thought, that all their Actions are Myſteries to them! Would *N*—— elſe give vent to his Paſſions, and revenge himſelf on the firſt Lad he lays hold on, for the unmerciful Strokes of his dear Wife? Or would *H*—— forgive the moſt glaring Faults for a Fortnight, after he has received his Preſent? Or would *P*—— excuſe a Leſſon for commending his Edition? Little do they think how their Tempers are ſtudied, and that half the School perceives how

how far with Impunity they may trangreſs! What Envy they excite, by chuſing Favourites, and freeing them from the common Hardſhips of the School! What Hatred againſt thoſe that are freed! How they are made to wreck their Brains for Revenge! Yet the Maſter vainly imagines, that the Springs of his Actions are concealed, and that he is thought to act merely from the Nature of the Crimes!

Through the too kind Indulgence of my Father I was a Favourite in Chief, and had ſo thoroughly ſtudied the Temper of my Maſter, that I knew what, and how great Crimes a two Guinea Preſent on the Spot would blot out, and to what Time it would reach, together with the daily Decreaſe of its Credit; ſo that when I was more indigent than prompt, I frequently ſold my Credit to my School-Fellows, by taking on myſelf thoſe Crimes they had committed, and by that Means kept even with my Maſter, and eſcaped the raging Envy the reſt breathed out againſt me.

But ſtill more unhappy is our Lot at the Univerſity, where, in the Midſt of the greateſt Inticements to all Sorts of Luxury, Extravagance is the greateſt Crime. And, though a Man entirely deceives his Friends in the End that he came there for, by never looking into a Book, yet he ſhall receive a much better Grace, than if he run behind two or three Pounds at the Quarter's End. Although this is a Seminary for Learning only, yet any one may perceive

ceive the whole World in Miniature; the Ambition of Stateſmen, the Parties of Courtiers, the prodigal Heir, with his ſpunging Companion: Here keeps the prudent Man, and there the good Houſewife: Here Merit is ſeen to have the ſame Force as in the greater World; and whilſt the thoughtful Man locks himſelf up to prepare for the Rewards of Induſtry, the noiſy good Companion has the Preference. How are theſe Encouragements to Virtue and Learning turned into the Rewards of Party! And the beſt deſerving Man ſhall be rejected, becauſe another it more zealous! What a pretty Appearance do the Gentlemen make here! And were they not quite ſo finical, and a ſmall Matter more rational, they might well repreſent the Fair Sex; ſince the pretty Choice of their Cloaths, and their laſt Night's Reſt, are the common Topicks of their Diſcourſe, and all the Gallantries and Airs of the Coquet are played over, though, I muſt confeſs, with a much worſe Grace by theſe pretty Gentlemen, in the Coffee-Room. They are gallanted, and have the Attendance of their Devotees, as the Ladies their Lovers, but are honoured here by the Name of Spungers: And as in Love, the Antient, when infected, are remarkable for their Conſtancy and Faithfulneſs; ſo here, likewiſe, the old Fellows are obſerved to ſtick faſteſt.

If we deſcend to domeſtick Œconomy, we may obſerve rare Inſtances of it, and may perceive the good Examples of their provident Mothers

Mothers faithfully imitated. *Frugal*, with the Help of a Swing, can paſs his whole Winter's Morning in dividing and ſubdividing his Cinders, and admires the Extravagance of burning Candle, when no Books are going forward. *Palis* has long ſtudied and admired the old *Roman* Cuſtoms, and wonders how we came to leave off that ſo eaſy a Poſture of lying, which he practiſes with the greateſt Succeſs; ſince by the Help of a Dormit, he will lie till Dinner-Time, and riſe with no leſs a Stomach, than he who has been up all Day, and by that Means ſave both Breakfaſt and Firing. The prudent *Athlis* rivals his Laundry-Woman, and will ſpend a whole Morning in darning his Stockings.

But theſe are the Grave and Sedate, and though very numerous, yet make a very ſmall Appearance here; ſince our Attention is entirely taken up by the *Smarts*, whoſe ſole Ambition is to be eſteemed Men of modeſt Aſſurances, and ſuch as have ſeen the World. Such an one's Mornings are ſpent (if he chance to get up before Dinner,) in throwing out his Ejaculations, either of Flames he never felt, or Pains he never endured; complaining to his Levy, (which are kept here, as well as in the greater World of all thoſe who know not otherwiſe how to ſpend their Time,) of the Miſery he endured from the Repulſe, or the Extaſy he had in the Enjoyment of one of

the greateſt Whores of the Place, concealed under the Name, perhaps, of the moſt Innocent: Then, with much Difficulty, borrowing Linen of this Perſon, and a Waiſtcoat of another, he is dreſſed by Dinner-Time: Then damns and confounds the Cook and Commons, and adjourns with the greateſt Solemnity to the Tavern. But ſhould his College-Dinner chance to pleaſe, he will condeſcend to go to the Schools, there to laugh at and ridicule any, who ſhall be ſo imprudent as to come for Inſtruction.

But, leſt freſh Men ſhould vainly imagine they are qualified, when they have not the leaſt Pretenſions to be ſo, I ſhall let them know, what their Qualifications are. No Perſon will be allowed to be poſſeſſed of the firſt, till he gives good Evidence of his having ſhifted off his Surgeon's Bill for two Quarters, and produces Threats of a Diſcovery; and of his having made Friendſhip with, and culled two freſh Men of their Tutor's Bill: Nor the laſt, without once being ruſticated for a Twelvemonth at the leaſt. Such are the Qualifications of Univerſity *Smarts*, and though a great many are made yearly, yet it is obſervable they never ſurvive their Bachelor's Degree.

All who have ſpent any Time in the Univerſity cannot but obſerve, that although the Youths purſue, with the greateſt Anxiety, whatever their Inclinations lead them to, yet

it

it is impoſſible to judge from it, what they are deſigned for. The fine Gentleman ſhall take Orders, and the plain ſimple Man be ſent to the *Inns of Court*, whilſt the hard plodding Student is the Man of Fortune. *Sharper* has tranſlated all his Divinity to ready Money, and confines his Meditations to *Hoyle*. The Fellows, for the moſt Part, are compoſed of thoſe, who come under the Deſcription of the Oeconomiſt, though, on a Point of Party, I have known a *Smart* ſlip in; but he muſt have firſt well eſtabliſhed his Character, by a zealous Deportment, and a happy Knack at Railing.

Theſe Helps to promote Learning in Diſtreſs, are turned into the Monuments of the Living; and no ſooner is any one elected, than he may properly be ſaid to be interred, ſince he finds a competent Maintenance there without troubling himſelf for other Promotion; he remains the Incumbent for ſome forty Years, whilſt the poor expecting Student is forced to turn Mechanick. But has he a Fortune to carry him through theſe, and to bring him into the wide World, without receiving the Aſſiſtance of a Fellowſhip, (which, if he has taken care to deſerve, it is fifty to one he never obtains) then as his Views are, ſo various is his Succeſs. Does he deſign for Orders? He may with much Trouble, great Expence, and paying almoſt half a Year's Salary for Fees, obtain a Curacy of Thirty Pounds a Year; with the

ſatisfactory Promiſe of a Living, after the Incumbent's Deceaſe, and the Proviſion of his Patron's Son, perhaps, now at School. But ſhould he deſign the Law, and enter the *Temple*, then muſt he afreſh run the Cenſure of a quere Fellow, in another Society, who, for the moſt Part, being Men of Fortune, and having an Influence over him, as they may be of Service in future Life, will diſpute his Taſte, ſhould he refuſe their Entertainments, and will eſteem him ſtingy, ſhould he not make the Return, and with the ſame Elegance. So that here, the Man of Spirit, with a ſmall Fortune, is obliged to ruin himſelf, or be made the Deriſion of all his Acquaintance. Though, ſhould he avoid that Rock, he is made for ever; for all are cautious to truſt their earthly Affairs with the moſt able Proficient, though no one is too great a Blockhead for their heavenly Concerns.

The Caſe of Phyſick is much harder; for, although you enter into no freſh Society, to render yourſelf fit for that Occupation, but may either reſide in the Univerſiity, or live retired, as it may ſuit your Fortune, or Inclination; yet, whoever makes a Conſcience of his Profeſſion, and uſes no low, mean Arts, beneath the Dignity of one, who has taken ſo much Pains to eſtabliſh his Character on Merit, has no Chance of enhancing his Fame in the

World; and ſhould he happen once to fail (ſo precarious is Phyſick) that he is ruined, unleſs he flies to thoſe low Arts, ſo common with Quacks. And ſhould his Skill do the moſt, that Art poſſibly could, yet it would be ſo far out-done by Report, as to be of no Eſteem.

So much for the great Encouragement of liberal Arts and Sciences, by whoſe Progreſs and Decay the Honour of a Nation ſtands or falls. Such are the great Hopes, ſuch the Expectations of one who ſpends a double Apprenticeſhip in the hard Labour of the Brain, and conſumes a Fortune, at a moderate Computation, of ſeven hundred Pounds, in the Attainment thereof.

In a Government, where Places, whoſe Offices require Men of Sagacity and Learning, are ſo great, and ſo many, as even to be an Incumbrance to the Common-Weal, one would think, there ſhould be no need of a Complaint of this Sort; but when one looks into their Offices, we find Men, indeed, with the Appearances of all Sorts of Knowledge fitting their reſpective Places, but then ſo miſerably diſcontented, tranſacting their publick Buſineſs in ſo imperious a Manner, as gives a general Diſſatisfaction to all, who ſhall chance to be concerned with them; and if their Courſe of Buſineſs will permit them, they will be ſo dilatory, and make uſe of ſo many Shifts and Put-offs, without an extraordiny Fee, as is inſupportable.

ſupportable. When one knows the handſome, I might ſay, extravagant Salary, the Government appropriates to ſuch Places, one knows not how ſufficiently to deſpiſe the mean Mercenarineſs of ſuch Fellows; and, as in Courſe of Traffick, they have frequent Buſineſs with Foreigners, whoſe Ignorance of our Cuſtoms they are ſure to turn to their Advantage, what Reports muſt we expect to have ſpread over the whole World?

It is the common, and very rational Way of judging of the Diſpoſition of a whole Nation, by the Tempers of thoſe they make choice of to tranſact their publick Buſineſs. If we look into the Accounts of the firſt Traders to any Nation, we ſhall find their Report to be of the whole People, even as they have been uſed by thoſe that received them on coming aſhore; and a ſharp, cheating Toll-gatherer has cauſed the whole Society to be accuſed of Cozenage, when a more thorough Knowledge has found them a plain, honeſt People.

But the Misfortune is, theſe ſharping, diſcontented Officers are but Deputies, whilſt their Lords and Maſters, the Place-men, enjoy their Eaſe, and indulge their Idleneſs in Country Houſes, from whence they bowl once every Quarter, Half-yearly, or as their Accounts are made up, to ſign, and ſo receive, ſhall I ſay, a Bribe; for, certainly, Salary implies ſome Return of Duty. It is the Misfortune of our Con-

Conſtitution, or rather of our Depravity, where two Men are choſe to repreſent a County or Town, that ſome of them, either through Want, which their great Extravagance in biaſſing the Election brought upon them, or through a Penury of Heart, which is the leaſt Thing conſidered on by the Electors, accept of theſe, either for themſelves or Relations, and become bare Machines, like *Bacon*'s brazen Head, to utter whatever the evil Spirit ſhall dictate.

So great is the Pride and Vanity of this preſent Age, that whatever adminiſters to either of theſe ſhall be thought a ſufficient Qualification to the higheſt Promotions. The reverend Father receives a Survitude of his expecting Chaplain; the Man of Quality eſteems him moſt capable, who adminiſters moſt to his Pleaſures; and the prudent Stateſman is ſwayed by the higheſt Bidder.

Should a Stranger to our Cuſtoms ſee the formal Reverence of *Saygrace*, with what Submiſſion to his Patron he approaches the lower End of the Table, how tranſient he paſſes over his Ceremony, and then, how pretty he falls back till all are ſeated, and, inſtead of being a Check on the licentious Diſcourſe of this looſe Age, affords himſelf, by his untimely Humility, the Butt of the Company, and, for the pleaſing Title of a good-natur'd Fellow, ſacrifices his Religion to the Ribaldry of his Patron: I ſay, ſhould a Stranger to our Religion obſerve this

this *Make-ſport*, would he not imagine *Saygrace* to be any Thing beſides a Miniſter of our Religion; or that our Religion was our Diverſion only? Yet to his Inferiors, no one better keeps up his Dignity; and the plain, honeſt Pariſhioner will be checked ſooner for Want of Reſpect than for Failure of Duty: Yet they perceiving, that he himſelf pays a greater Regard to his Patron, than Reverence to Religion, think the Example of the 'Squire more worthy Imitation, than the Diſcourſe of the Curate.

Hence ſprings that great Reverence, that unbounded Complaiſance to a ſuperior Fortune. *Plebia* had long been the Delight of her whole Village, the ſole Comfort of her fond Parents, who ſoothed all the Fatigue of the Day with the Melody of her enchanting Voice. Whilſt *Flavius* ſecured the Boundaries, and the induſtrious *Mæcia* watched her grazing Cattle, the lovely *Plebia* took on her the domeſtick Affairs. And ſo great was the Harmony between theſe two fond Parents and dutiful Child, ſo great was the Neatneſs of the Houſe, and ſo regular were their whole Family Concerns, that it had induced Mr. *Saygrace*, the Curate, to board; a Perſon who had long waited for the Death of a bed-rid Incumbent, on the Promiſe of the Parſonage, by the 'Squire. He was a Perſon by no Means deficient in Learning, a Fellow of a College, and Tutor to the young

young 'Squire, tainted with an unbounded Ambition, which led him into the Failings of Flattery, and too great a Complaiſance to thoſe that could promote him. His Vacations from College, were ſpent in pleaſing the Humour of his Patron; he could lay Plans for the better regulating his Garden, had a good Skill in Horſe-Fleſh, and other Ways adminiſtered to his Delight and Pleaſure: Yet for the Morning and Evening's Retirement, and for the Conveniency of his Pariſh, he continually returned every Night to his Lodging, where he added to the Felicity of the Company by the Agreeableneſs of his Converſation; and being a Man of ſtrict Honour, he ſtrengthened and encouraged the Virtue, he found by Nature implanted in thoſe honeſt Breaſts.

There flocked continually, to perform their reſpective Amours, all the Youth of the Pariſh, where their ruſtick Entertainments were carried on with all the Gallantry of Lovers, and Vigour of the Golden Age; yet ſo innocent was *Plebia*, and ſo ignorant of her own Charms, that ſhe always attributed their Reſort to the Delightfulneſs of the Plain: Her Female Companions perceived, indeed, the Lure, but could not be otherwiſe than equally charmed with her eaſy and unaffected Demeanour. She was free and agreeable to all, ſhe ever was pleaſed to bring together, and reconcile thoſe, whom Quarrels had parted: Yet

was ſhe not equally affected towards all. The ſprightly Temper and eaſy Mien of *Cynthio* had inflamed her Breaſt. She loved, and was beloved again. *Cynthio* made Courtſhip by his ever entering the Liſts when *Plebia* was on the Plain, and ſullenly deſpiſing them in her Abſence. *Plebia*'s Return was, by leaving her own Sports, to look, with Smiles, on his Diverſions. Such was their Progreſs in Love, when the young 'Squire, with all his Gaiety of Temper, came to ſee *Saygrace*. Great was his Sprightlineſs, and loud his Laughter. His Diſcourſe indeed, at firſt, ſhocked the Modeſty, and raiſed the Bluſhes of the innocent *Plebia*, unuſed to ſo much Politeneſs. But *Saygrace* had always been the Rule of her Conduct, and his Approbation was ſufficient to make her ſuſpect her own unexperienced Judgment; ſhe liſtened to, admired, and imitated his Expreſſions and Behaviour: No longer did ſhe admire the diſtant Reſpect of her *Cynthio*; ſhe could now diſcover an hundred Oddities, which a little before appeared as ſo many Graces. She now found Fault with his Dreſs, then his Language diſpleaſed her, and her ſole Joy was fixed in her amorous *Florio*. She now reſigned her old Acquaintance, and gave up all her Charms to her young Lover. Had *Saygrace* been more honourable, or more vicious, this had never happened; he had ever carried away the Approbation of the Parents, and *Plebia* was ever governed by his Counſels. By ſo much

much is Hypocriſy worſe than open Iniquity! Had *Saygrace* diſcovered, at any Time, that ought could bias him to a wrong Judgment, *Plebia* had been on her Guard, and followed the Dictates of her innocent Modeſty.

But to return from ſo long a Digreſſion. Since all Poſts are diſpoſed of, with ſo little Regard to Merit, it may not be amiſs to conſider the Reaſon, together with the Conſequences. That one Man ſhould receive one, two, or three thouſand Pounds a Year from the Common-Weal, becauſe his Friend is at the Helm; and that another ſhould tranſact all the Buſineſs for fifty, or a hundred Pounds, is not leſs abſurd, and of a much greater ill Conſequence, than if he ſhould lay a general Tax on all for the Proviſion of his Friends. Not that I think, by any Means, the Salaries of publick Offices ſhould be reduced to that ſcanty Allowance of the Deputies, not only as they are Men by no Means worthy to fill ſuch Poſts, but it would put them on practiſing low, mean Arts in their Places, very detrimental to the publick Stock, and of great Scandal to the whole Society. They are likewiſe ſo many Encouragements to promote Learning, when all are convinced, there are ſo many Places of Honour and Profit, and that the moſt deſerving has the beſt Chance: But, as they are now managed, I fear, they are rather Diſcouragements to Virtue, than Promo-

ters of real Merit, ſince the higheſt Bidder, or the moſt powerful Friend, carries every Thing; or if perſonal Merit ſhould be regarded, they are thoſe good Qualities, which are leaſt related to the Duty. I have known ſeveral ſing themſelves into a good Living, and many have merited a Commiſſion by the Virtue of a Bottle: But the prudent Lawyer ſells all.

I come now to the moſt difficult Part; and however deficient I may have been in the foregoing Relation, I fear I ſhall be thought quite at a Loſs, when I come to treat of the Fair Sex. I could, indeed, appeal to my own Conſcience for whatever I have aſſerted hitherto; but here I muſt look into the Breaſts of others. There I was ſure of having all impartial Judges, ſince every one found the Truth implanted in his own Boſom. But here every one judges according to Education, or Prejudice. The Scholar gives them the fairer Out-Side: The Tradeſman caſts his Eye on the Fortune only: The Phyſician conſiders the Frame of the Body: The Soldier eſteems them all Intriguers, and imagines the ſame Preparations are requiſite to carry them, as to take a Citadel. This muſt be blockaded, that ſtormed, and another can be taken only by Surprize. The Sailor knows not what to think; at his firſt Landing he judges them Deities, but when his Money is gone, he cries, *Ungrateful Jilts! Very Imps of Hell!* The enamoured

moured Lover calls out, *Angels!* But the Exclamations of the infected Rake are numberleſs.

Such, and ſo various, are our Opinions of the other Half of human Nature. And if we look back to ancient Hiſtory, we ſhall find the ſame Uncertainty. One eſteems them the weaker Veſſel: Another will not give them the Preference to Brutes. This Century holds, that they have no Souls: That argues the Unjuſtneſs of Man in uſurping the Sovereingty, ſince Woman, by Nature, has an equal Claim. Nay, even now, different Countries hold them in different Degrees. The *Chineſe* lock up, and make all Cripples, leſt they ſhould betray them. The *Moguls* eſteem them as their moſt precious Piece of Furniture, and make them only the Canal for the Propagation of Man. The *Turks* and *Perſians* are the ſame. The *Indians* uſe them only as their Drudges. Indeed, they meet a much better Fate in *Europe*, though not in all Places alike. The *Italians* hold them in a ſecond Degree, beſtowing the firſt on their dear Selves. The haughty *Spaniards* know not how to value them; now pouring out their Souls to them, and expiring every Moment for their Sakes; then locking up, and inuring them to all Hardſhip: Now expoſing their Lives in Defence of them, then giving it up to be revenged on them. The polite *Frenchman* offers all Things to her, but

takes

takes away even what ſhe has of her own. The honeſt *Engliſhman* ſweats and labours the whole Day, that he may pour in her Lap the Produce of his Labour. The *Dutch* confine them to their Counters, and the whole *North* ward of the Cold by them. But, to the Honour of the Fair Sex, they have ever found the beſt Reception in the moſt civilized Countries. *Greece* yielded them almoſt equal Honours, and *Rome* allowed whatever Female Modeſty could accept.

In ſuch a Diverſity of Opinions, both of Times and Countries, of Tempers and Educations, how is it poſſible to proceed in a Method pleaſing to all? One Side will admit of no Equal, and the other will ſuffer no Superior. However, as this Deciſion is not directly to the Purpoſe, I ſhall ſay no more, but follow my own Obſervations, avoiding the Extaſy of the Lover, and paying no Regard to the Rancor of the Rake; but only aſſerting thus much, that whatever Difference there may be in the Tempers and Diſpoſitions of Male and Female, it is by no Means equal to that of one Woman to another.

I ſhall take no Notice of thoſe pretty Obſervations on Woman's Creation, that God made her of the Rib of *Adam*, as an Emblem that he would have her demean herſelf with Submiſſion, but not abjected: That ſhe ought to concern herſelf about the Affairs of

the Family, and leave thoſe of the Head to the Huſband: That ſhe is his Support, not Ruler. I ſay, I ſhall paſs by theſe, and apply myſelf chiefly to conſider the Relation that Woman ſtands in to Man, and in what Reſpects the Methods now in uſe to educate them, are deficient.

And, firſt, as to the Superiority, a Subject ſo variouſly treated on by many, and ever given, though in various Degrees, to Man: A Thing, I believe, plainly appearing to any one conſidering humane Nature in a natural State, unknown. They are both governed by a Reaſon implanted in their own Breaſts, dictating their Duty to their Creator, and mutual Offices to each other. If Nature requires a paſſive Obedience in the Woman, and a Submiſſion in ſome Offices, it rouſes him to range the Woods for her Support. If it commands a pleaſing Countenance and an obliging Behaviour to ſoothe his Fatigue, the ſame dictates to him to weary himſelf for her Comfort. In ſhort, Nature joined them Hand in Hand, though ſhe attributes different Offices to each. In Time of Danger the Huſband goes firſt, as Nature has given him the greater Strength of Limbs, and a majeſtick Countenance; yet ſhe has put it in the Power of the Woman to recompenſe him by the Delicacy of her Shape, and Beauty of Face. To each ſhe hath alike attributed the Care of their Offspring. The

Woman

Woman ſuſtains it in her Bowels till it is able to bear the external Air; and then has given wherewithal to nouriſh it. Here the Father and Mother change Offices: She endures the Tortures, and undergoes all the Labour and Fatigue, whilſt he turns Comforter. Here each Frown from the enduring Mother is perceived with Trembling by the attending Father. Though I muſt confeſs theſe mutual Offices are very much eraſed out of our Breaſts by the Corruptions of human Nature, and the Inſtitutions of civil Societies; yet whoever looks ſtrictly into his own Boſom, and conſiders well animal Creation, may ſtill perceive ſome Glimpſe remaining.

The Education is in like Manner divided amongſt them, and the inſtructive Part both of Male and Female given entirely to the Woman, at leaſt till the Male Infant is able to undergo the proper Hardſhips and Dangers; and the Father works on them rather by Example. But it has been often a propoſed Queſtion in the *Roman* Law, if the Father ſhould command one Thing and the Mother the Contrary, which the Child, when he could not plainly diſcover the Right from the Wrong, ought to obey; and it has been given generally for the Father on Account of his Superiority. Such Deciſions as theſe, put me in Mind of the Fable of the Painter and Lion; who turning over his Performances, at length ſhewed him

him a Lion overcome by a Gladiator: It is well, ſays the Lion, you Men only are Painters. But I ſhould imagine the more fair Anſwer would be for the firſt Command; for ſince their Care over him is equal, and his Duty alike to both, that which firſt employs him has the prior Right to his Service.

Since thus equal is the Power of Woman, and ſo principal is her Concern in the Inſtruction of Youth, ought we not to ſhew an equal Regard to their Education? Ought we to think it ſufficient to teach them to read their Mother-Tongue only, and not inſtruct them in the thorough Knowledge of what will be of the higheſt Service both to themſelves and Children? Not that it is requiſite they ſhould be learned and ſkilled in Languages; but that they ſhould be even better verſed in the Knowledge of human Nature, and the Affections of the Mind, than Men, I believe is obvious to all, ſince they muſt of Neceſſity have the Management of the tendereſt Ages, and we, through this Deficiency, contract Habits, and are poſſeſſed with Notions, the whole After-Courſe of Life is not able to wipe off.

An Example of this Kind is one of the greateſt Scholars, though wrong-headed Philoſopher, that ever this Nation produced. Having contracted a Fear of Sprights and Hobgoblings, from the ſtupid Prattle of his Nurſe, he could never, though he guarded himſelf with

all his Philoſophy, enter the Dark without Trembling and Horror.

I need plead no Excuſe, to recite Mr. *Locke*'s Opinion, in his *Human Underſtanding*, where he is treating about the Aſſociation of Ideas: "That thoſe who have Children, or the "Charge of their Education, would think it "worth their While, diligently to watch, and "carefully to prevent, the undue Connexion "of Ideas in the Minds of young People. "This is the Time moſt ſuſceptible of laſting "Impreſſions; and though thoſe relating to "the Health of the Body, are by diſcreet "People minded and fenced againſt; yet, I "am apt to doubt, that thoſe which relate "more peculiarly to the Mind, and terminate "in the Underſtanding, or Paſſions, have been "much leſs heeded than the Thing deſerves; "nay, thoſe relating purely to the Underſtand-"ing, have, as I ſuſpect, been by moſt Men "overlooked." It is from this Ignorance of Nurſes, that almoſt all our ill Habits proceed. Hence one Perſon will ſwoon at the Sight of a Cat, and another have an Averſion to Cheeſe.

Beſides, the very Inconveniencies in the Family, cauſed by an unſkilful Matron, with a Multitude of Children, are inſupportable; whilſt the prudent Woman makes them ſo many Comforts to her Huſband, and the Entertainment of her Viſiters. Children, being unuſed to Diſappointment, and not knowing how

how to wait with Patience for any diſtant Pleaſure; but imagining the whole Happineſs of their After-Life to depend on the Enjoyment of the preſent Moment, bend all their little Policy towards the Attainment: And, will Tears remove the Obſtacle? Whole Streams will flow; or, can you be forced? They will ſtretch their little Pipes in continual Brawls: Though both ought with great Care to be avoided, and they ſhould never be ſuffered, by ſuch Means, to obtain their deſired Wants: For the one encourages Obſtinacy, and the other ſoftens the Spirits. The brawling Child ſhould be ſilenced with Frowns and Threats, and in the laſt Extremity with the Rod; but, by no Means, till all other Methods are found inſufficient. The Child with Tears ſhould be laughed at, and be ſhamed out of them.

I never enter the Houſe of my Friend *Mucio*, but I depart affronted, abuſed, and out of Temper; though I flatter myſelf, my Viſits are a Pleaſure to him, and not ungrateful to his Spouſe. No ſooner do I enter, but I am received with an open Countenance, and free Air; but it is immediately ruffled by the Diſorders of his Family. He has ſix Children, ſuch as might be a Bleſſing, and the Pride of any Parents: Yet there is never an Hour, but ſome one or other cauſes him continual Plague and Torment. This is the Mother's Favourite, and that is the Care of the Father: This runs

with its Complaint to the Mother, and ſhe defends him to the Father, and they make an Appeal to their Friends preſent; and however is the Deciſion, one is ſure to be diſobliged.

How contrary is the Happineſs of *Delia*, whoſe prudent Care makes her Children ſo many Entertainments! And though *Fælix* is a Man of Gaiety, and loves his Bottle, and ever ſpent an idle Evening at the Tavern; yet the Hours ſteal from him, liſtening to the pleaſing Prattle of his little Ones.

But the Misfortune is, that our young Ladies, whoſe Fortune it is to be brought up now-a-days under the Guidance of a provident Mother in the Country, are ſent, as ſoon as their fond Play becomes troubleſome, to School, where their different Forms of Work are their chief Study; though it is thought proper they ſhould be taught by Intervals to read. Here they are ſet to work ſuch Ornaments, as they are told ſhall adorn them in a married State, and have ſuch Notions of Finery and Gallantry inſtilled into them, as the ſtrict Eye of their Governants gives them no Hopes to enjoy, till that happy and expected State ſhall come, that they turn, with a double Ardency, all their Thoughts that Way.

Hence, in a great Meaſure, proceed all thoſe Diſeaſes ſo pernicious, and ſometimes even fatal to the younger Part of that Sex. For, from their ſedentry Life, their Blood at beſt being in

in a very ill State, and being put into the moſt violent Fermentation, and the radical Moiſture in a great Meaſure exhauſted, they contract thoſe Paleneſſes, and other Diſtempers, ſo frequently found amongſt them.

As ſoon as her Years render the young Lady unfit for ſuch a Place, ſhe is taken home, where ſhe is mewed up, and taught, perhaps, to raiſe a Paſte, or make a Pudding; till her dear Parents, whoſe ſole Care is to get her a Huſband, though they deem it quite beſide their Purpoſe to prepare and render her fit for one, have procured a Match: Then is ſhe let looſe to give Vent to thoſe fantaſtical Airs ſhe has imbibed: Then does ſhe make, and receive her Viſits, till a Wearineſs of them throws her into the violent Spleen; and *Bath*, or *Cheltenham*, are her ſole Cures.

How different, but not leſs pernicious, is the Education of a young Lady in Town! There the Buſineſs and Concerns of the Father, render it impoſſible for any Care to be taken of the Daughter. She runs about, and learns all the Fooleries of the Neighbourhood, and as her Father's Employment is, is either of Service, or Hindrance, in his Affairs, till ſhe is thought worthy of the Flattery and Compliments of the enamoured Spark. Then does ſhe begin to exalt her Notions, deſpiſes her Father's Profeſſion, and is — ſhe knows not what — inferior to none. The Quality lacks

her

her Riches, the Country Girl her Experience, and the Meanneſs of her Neighbour's Origin ſhe well remembers.

It is obvious, theſe Examples take in none but the Tradeſman's Daughter, and the 'Squire's Family; yet the Education of the Lady of Quality is not without its Failings. So far from it, that as ſhe divides her Time between Town and Country, ſhe affects the Spleen of the one, and the Impertinence of the other. Her Knowledge of both, makes her like neither, whilſt, through her ſuperficial Underſtanding, ſhe diſregards true Learning. The moſt prudent Country Laſs is ſhe that makes the beſt Marketings. The wiſeſt Town Lady knows more of the Play-Houſe, than her own Family: And ſhe is the fineſt Lady of Quality, who ruins moſt honeſt Tradeſmen.

I cannot help obſerving a glaring Inſtance, either of the Ignorance of the Stage, or elſe of the Inſipidneſs of this preſent Age; and that is, that, inſtead of the Play-Houſe being a Copy of the World, the People are the Imitators of the Actors. Whatever ridiculous Characters appear there, are acted here with Applauſe; and the *Dem ye*, and *Daum ye*, *Sir*, of *Fribble* and *Flaſh*, are irreſiſtible Arguments of the Town.

Having ſpent ſome Years in the Country, and, conſequently, out of the Sphere of Wit, I was much ſurprized, at my coming here, to

ſee

ſee an honeſt Acquaintance of mine, a Man of Wit and Humour, in a large Company of Friends, quite confounded, and ouſted with an univerſal Laughter, by one, who, I was ſure, was quite deſtitute of common Senſe. The Argument was ſerious, and well defended by my Friend; when the oppoſite Party ſtarts up, and bending a little with his Knee, and holding his Hands in the Poſture of a Dog that is taught to pray, he cried, in an affected Tone, turning round on his Heel, *Then curſe me, Sir.* I muſt confeſs, I could not ſmell the Joke; but it met with ſuch univerſal Applauſe, I was aſhamed to own my Ignorance, ſo joined in the Laughter, though, I muſt own, with a different Deſign. The next Night I found this, though a little better applied, performed with equal Approbation to the Audience, by the Hero of the Stage.

Though I have been, perhaps, a little too ſevere on the preſent Education of the Ladies, I would by no Means have it thought, it is intended to all. No: The Modeſty, and agreeable Simplicity of *Delia*, ſufficiently declare, how well, with a proper Care, a Country Education will fit even the higheſt Stations; whilſt *Mæcia*'s Freedom and good Nature ſpeaks loudly for the Town: But the noble Eaſineſs of *Flavia* bears away all for the mixt Education.

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